

Hey You, Stop Being So Cute

by Sonic Serendipity

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Summary: A little moment of puppy love and hair talk after 'The End'. Because Link likes that Tracy doesn't conform to The Man. EDIT: Now, with bonus fluffy vignettes! Guaranteed to rot your teeth and make you love it!

1. Hair

A/N I love the movie Hairspray. It makes me happy, as do Link and Tracy from said film. This little vignette just hijacked me as writer. Quite rudely, actually. But that's vignettes for you. Even the plot bunnies love Link and Tracy.

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The broadcast was finished for the day, Velma von Tussle was in a great deal of trouble, the police had been convinced to leave. The Corny Collins show was integrated, Li'l Inez was Miss Hairspray, and Penny was probably banished from her house for all eternity. The combined exertion, excitement, and adrenaline had left everyone shaking slightly and speaking both rather shrill and rather fast. (except Seaweed, who was just too cool, and Motormouth Maybelle, who proved where he got it from, and Corny Collins, because he was too busy.)

In the middle of this furor, like a pair of statues in a flock of birds, stood Link and Tracy. She was looking rather dreamily up into his eyes and waiting for him to say something, and he was looking rather dreamily down into hers and thinking that, boy, was kissing that shiny joyful smile nice and maybe he could do it again.

The moment dragged on and seemed to evoke a background music of chirping crickets, except of course that it was actually very

noisy.

But then Link spoke up; and because he was still a teenage boy, despite his showbiz experience and cool-as-a-cucumber persona, what came out was neither sensible nor romantic, but rather totally inane in the situation at hand.

"What did you do with your hair?"

Tracy was a girl in love, but still a girl, and so came out of her dream state enough to furrow her brow a little with worry. (Link thought it was adorable and wondered if he was allowed to kiss the tip of her nose.) "Well, since I've been kind of a revolutionary lately it seemed a little silly to spend so much effort to make myself such a slave to fashion." She frowned even more charmingly. "You don't like it?"

He kissed her instead of replying at first, but her big brown eyes had taken on a puppyish look and really, there is only so much a man can take when he's got an adorable roly-poly girl in his arms looking up at him appealingly. To his credit he recovered after a moment and answered. (because hair is important to girls, even if he couldn't really care less if she was bald as an egg.) "I like it, actually," he said, and then was dragged back to reality slightly to wonder why. "It's soft." He realized out loud, and she blinked up at him. "I mean...when I'm near a girl--dancing," he hurriedly specified lest she take offence for some nebulous female reason, "I've never liked how scratchy any fashionable 'do feels."

She might have been distressed at that, but his slender boyish hand was carding through her hair and really, could she be blamed if higher brain functions deserted her? "Honestly?" she squeaked. (Link found the squeak to be cute beyond belief.)

Then he cupped her face in his hands and leaned down to gently kiss the top of her silky dark head.

"Really," he said with utter sincerity.

Tracy decided for once in her life that fashion could go hang.

2. Zaftig

A/N Thanks for the reviews, guys! 8) Those pesky kids. They keep inflictin' the fluffy on me. At least they haven't insisted on, you know, a plot or something. So I guess this is just a series of little moments in the developing relationship of Tracy and Link.

I'm conflicted. Rumour has it that you are supposed to check fics after you write them, but I've found that the faster I write the less stilted and pretentious it is. So I guess y'all are stuck.

(And I swear, I wrote this before charm-your-way-out wrote her fic! XD That's fanfic for you. There's not original ideas, LOL.)

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Tracy was seated further forwards in the classroom. This, in combination with the fact that she actually found history to be vaguely interesting when the subject was right, meant that she only turned around in her chair to look at Link and smile every couple of minutes. He was not so fortunately seated.

Occasionally her sweet voice would pipe up with a question, and every time she shifted position her dark hair slid over her shoulders. (Link had never known that hair was supposed to be maddening. He cursed the fact that there was yet another distracting thing about her person. He blessed it rather more often and fervently.)

In the end he was distracted enough to earn a stay in detention. The young paramours exchanged dopey smiles as he made his way out the door.

As usual, detention was entirely too much fun. Link devoted himself with unfashionable but quite useful intensity to learning some more new moves and movement. Seaweed and several other negro boys laughed at him and called him 'cracker boy', but he was a revolutionary now and by gum he could take a bit of teasing with equanimity. By the time Tracy joined them he was making progress. At which point, naturally, all progress was halted for the immediate future.

There were noisy catcalls as they entheusiastically said hello, but now Link knew for sure that it was good-natured because nobody with a soul intentionally hurt Tracy's feelings. (He didn't think unintentionally counted, but he wasn't sure if he had caused enough smiles to outweigh the wounded way she had crumpled into tears at that disastrous party. Moments like the present, when she grinned up at him and practically shimmered with joy did reassure him as to his likely possessing some kind of anemic little soul.)

When they finally disentangled from each other she produced a slightly squashed sack. "Mama made us lunch."

It has been said that all roads lead to Rome, and one way to Link's heart was through his stomach. He made quick work of the sandwiches, and then pulled his girl aside and out of the way of the minor dance-off currently taking place in the middle of the room. Lest they slip on all the testosterone. He said, "Your mama is an amazingly good cook."

"Oh, I know! And since she's given up dieting she's gotten even more elaborate. Dad and I might very well explode before the year is out." Tracy unwound her hands from his neck and turned in his grasp so as to lean her head back against his chest. She sighed. "Well, I have been doing a lot of dancing lately. It's possible I'll actually end up loosing weight." There was a veritable potpourri of emotions in her voice, including wistfulness, dismay, and confusion. Link was not so conflicted.

"I really don't care." She tilted her head back to look at him bemusedly, and he gave into temptation and kissed her nose. (she didn't seem to mind. He made a note.) "You're you, and I'd love you for it no matter what you look like." He winked. "Although I kinda like you this way. You're so tiny, darlin', that if you were skinny too I'd be afraid of breakin' you." And he tightened his arms around

her ribcage and bent over to impishly nuzzle her neck.

"Link!" Tracy squealed, and spun out of his arms to thwap him as high as she could easily reach, which ended up being somewhere around his shoulder.

He didn't mind. (And it really was a very graceful little spin.)

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_If you like, review! So I know what is good and can do it again.

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3. Squee

A/N I'm spoiling y'all. Don't lynch me when this well of creativity runs dry. 9 As it stood at the end of the movie, it seemed like Link loved Tracy for her personality and her heart first, and her looks were just a not-unpleasant side thing. Whereas Trace was 'in love' for years because of his looks and it was kinda like "Yes! He is a somewhat decent human being, so it's okay that I feel this way!" And though I think she ended up really loving him for his kindness, I'm not sure she would articulate this or Link would understand it. Seems to me that the relationship wouldn't last very long without some security.

(Gah, don't you hate it when authors ramble on so's the A/N's as long as the chapter? XD)

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Tracy knew where her priorities where. She'd had dancing before she had Link, and even if she stopped having him she would still have dancing. (And whatever adventuresome things her instinctive decency compelled her to do.) So when the red light was on, she was only a little bit inclined to soppy scenes with her blue-eyed boy.

Link was a little more conflicted. Before Tracy, he'd had preforming, sure. But while he enjoyed it, certainly more than some doldrum-ridden day job, if he was stripped of it it wouldn't be like taking away part of his soul.

He didn't want to think about what he would feel like if Tracy was taken away.

In many ways he thought she had made him who he was now; the thought of his former, shallow self made him cringe away and go to hide himself in her sunny warmth. It could have beome a very bad, obsessive, clingy sort of love, but Link Larkin was made of serner stuff. Tracy Turnblad or no Tracy Turnblad, he couldn't have risked his entire life as it then stood by dancing with Li'l Inez if he

didn't have some sort of instinctive decency of his own.

Yes, the fact that he was a teenage boy couldn't be overcome. He got distracted on camera rather too often, and he managed to say things that offended his brown-eyed girl--on more than one occasion--through sheer male dense-mindedness, but by golly he knew enough to work at pleasing a girl worthy of being pleased.

With such motivation at hand he spent less time earning his pay through his looks and more through his dancing.

Fortunately for everyone involved, Tracy noticed both the actions and the motivations behind them. He gave her all the credit for shaking him out of chronic apathy; but whatever the reasons, the effect was the same--knee-melting intensity on stage. Link Larkin's newfound passion for dance reclaimed as many female fans as had been lost to the disappointment of his undeniable 'taken' status.

And dancing with lead-dancer Inez was always great fun, even if it was an entirely different animal from a dance with Tracy. (Link and Tracy dancing the staid old twist or waltz ended up looking rather more controversial on screen than Shelley and Mikey dancing in new and exiting ways.)

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Hey, is it just me or do Maybelle and Corny give off vibes like there's the potential for a little something-something? That would be an awesome and interesting relationship. XD

4. Knockdown dragout

A/N Cool. I'm writing for Link and Tracy. It's very generous of Corny and Maybelle to lend me out for a while. I know it's kinda short. But I write best short and quick. Kind of Amber-POV.

Thanks for the reviews, guys! Hairspray fan are the best. .

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"Take it back." Link's smooth voice was tight, and his fists clenched at his sides. Amber stopped pretending that she wasn't looking at him now that everyone else was starting to as well.

"Take what back?" The innocent voice didn't suit Johnny Harkness, and he wasn't doing a very good job at keeping the smirk off of his face.

Link took a step closer and glared up at the other junior; his slender frame looked small next to the 6'2 teen. "What you said about

Tracy. Take it back."

"What, do you mean the way I said 'That Turnblad girl is a little--'" he didn't get a chance to finish as Link's perfectly coiffed head rammed into his stomach. A gasp of both horror and delight erupted from the gathered crowd, and Johnny grabbed the dancer by the scruff of the neck and jerked him away roughly. Apparently unphased, Link kicked him hard in the crotch.

That had an effect.

It should have been an absurdly one-sided fight, with a big and not inexperienced fighter against slight little Link Larkin, but what he lacked in other areas he made up for in agility and righteous anger. And he fought _dirty_. Amber was properly horrified, of course, because even if he wasn't her boyfriend anymore it was humiliating that someone once associated with her was--she winced with the rest of the crowd--biting the hand that was going for his throat. This wild-eyed alley cat looked nothing like the properly behaved boy she had been so attached to.

At least, that's all she told herself. Beneath the Mother-approved feelings something unidentifiable was emerging.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!"

The crowd of students suddenly had no idea what was going on and why they were standing around, as Mr. Evans folded his scrawny arms across his chest and scowled down at the boys. The bigger teen got off of his back and Link gagged as pressure was released from his throat, scrambling to a kneeling position and trying to project proper deference to the teacher while looking warily sidelong at his opponent. Johnny clearly wasn't going to say anything, and so Link gingerly cleared his throat. "I'm sorry for causing a disruption in school, sir. Harkness was maligning a female classmate, sir, and I'm afraid I...lost it. Sir."

Mr. Evans opened his mouth as if to speak, then stopped. "Harkness. Principal's office with me, now." Johnny grudgingly began making his way over, with a single baleful glance back. The teacher looked back at Larkin as he struggled to his feet dizzily, shoving his disheveled hair out of his eyes. The longtime heartthrob of the Corny Collins Show looked back squarely, sniffing as he wiped a trickle of blood or sweat out of his eye. Mr. Evan's lips twitched. "Go see the nurse, Larkin. Then, my office." Without waiting for a reply he spun and led away Johnny.

Amber was about to sidle over when a hated voice cried in horrified tones, "Link!" And there was the weighty wonder herself, dashing through the stragglers and nearly running several people over in her haste to get to her boy toy. Amber herself got whipped in the arm with the girl's ridiculous long hair in passing.

"I'm fine," Link was saying. His tone of voice was a curious mixture of tenderness and the exasperation of any male dealing with a fussing female. "Really, Trace. It's cool."

Tracy laughed a little and drew out of her careful hug to look him over. "Yeah. I can see that there's nothing wrong at all." Amber snorted softly, also taking in his bleeding nose and the

nasty-looking gash on his cheekbone. There was probably going to be a bruise there too. He was favoring his right leg, and he was all ruffled and sweaty.

It should have been disgusting. So why, Amber thought, am I not just walking away and wrinkling my nose?--not enough to cause creases, mind you, just enough to express proper disdain.

"What happened, Link? Why were you getting into a fight? And _why_ was it with someone twice your size."

"Only half-again my size," Link protested, and rolled his eyes. "It was nothing, darlin'. Don't fret."

The chubby girl's eyes softened, and a smile tugged at the corner of her mouth. "I know you, so I know it wasn't nothing. You wouldn't get into a fight unless it was really important." There was pride in her voice, and love, and Amber couldn't watch any more as he seemed to light up under her approval.

Maybe Tracy managed to pry out of him that the fight was in defense of her honor. If she did, there was no doubt a soppy scene, and it was no doubt sight enough to make the most hardened heart weep. Amber didn't stay around to watch it. Whatever thoughts she had harbored of 'bringing him to heel', as Mother would say, were gone now. This new Link who had emerged somewhere between meeting Tracy Turnblad and dancing with Inez Stubbs was not tame enough to be reeled back in.

Amber liked them tame. Tracy was welcome to her dramatic, sensitive, quirky, impulsive boy...and good riddance.

So why were her perfectly powdered cheeks wet?

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Huh. I'm not sure I got the Amber POV right (review and let me know?), but I think she got a bit of a raw deal. Life with Velma must really suck, and when the Demon Witch lost her powers Amber was quick enough to adapt and move on. So who knows. /shrug/

5. Section

A/N I saw Hairspray a third time (yay me!) and was able to tear my eyes of James Marsden long enough to be reminded how adorable Link and Tracy are. This was apparently enough impetus to allow me to spit this out. Special thanks to Nor, who previewed this for me because I was afraid it sucked. /hehe/

_Thanks to all the readers! If you liked and reviewed, here's a ticker-tape parade! ...Trust me, it was awesome. The men cheered. The women fainted. The children waved multi-coloured flags. If you liked and fav'd or alert'd--here's a pony! You can't have it, but you can ride on it and pet it and stuff. If you liked and didn't review OR fav OR do anything of the kind--here's a cookie. And some puppy eyes.

Please review. /pitiful look/_

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Link Larkin wasn't very good at sharing.

His mother had died when he was barely old enough to understand it, and the most that could be said about his father was that they shared a house with a minimum of fuss. Almost anything he had learned as a child about behavior therefore came from other children; so there must have been a time in kindergarten when it was share or die, but that was a long time ago. The specialization that started happening around middle school meant that he was soon an Important Personage in the circles he frequented.

Amber was one of the most beautiful girls in school, yes, but then she seemed glad to have him and didn't insist on being shared. None of the other boys cut in when he was dancing with a girl, and nobody interrupted when he was talking with one of his fellow performers. The limelight on the show wasn't always focused on him since there were so many dancers, but the cameras loved him and he never had to fight for a share of screen time. (It was a credit to his essential good-nature that he didn't become a total and irredeemable jerk. That, and a small case of hero-worship for Mr. Collins, who Link suspected wouldn't approve of that sort of thing.)

Such was the status quo for his life for several years.

Not now.

"Tracy!" Another fan, or friend, or total stranger greeted his girl in the hallway, and of course Tracy beamed back at them and replied cheerfully and showed every sign of adopting a new best friend. This one was female, which made things easier; he had noticed in himself a distressing tendency to scowl when other males showed too much interest in Tracy, and Link wasn't the scowling type.

It wasn't that he was insecure, either. He had no doubt that he didn't deserve her (no other guy did either, which was reassuring), but she continued under the delusion that he did and he didn't quite have the heart to disabuse her of the notion. Except when she let go to give out a warm and cuddly Tracy hug--and we'll get back to that later--she held onto his hand and would often smile up into his face or ask his opinion on something.

Honestly, it wasn't that huge of a deal, but it nagged at him; one of the first things that truly and deeply mattered to him, and he had to share.

Take the hugs. Link hadn't had much experience with hugs. Corny would occasionally be unable to stop himself and would seize one of the dancers around the shoulders exuberantly, and Link had been the nearest one more than a few times. He also had an aunt on his mother's side who would visit occasionally, and give warm but perfunctory hugs that smelled of violet water. Amber grabbed rather than hugged, and glared away any girl who came too close.

Tracy-hugs were something else entirely. She liked to wrap her arms around the recipient's shoulders, which meant that she had to stand on her tip-toes (which made it seem like she was working hard to give the best hug possible). She would close her eyes and lean against the person for a brief, contented cuddle, before pulling back just enough to send out a thousand-watt smile. Even a hug connoisseur would agree that hers were excellent.

Which made it kind of hard for Link when she hugged other people. Or when she smiled bright twinkly smiles at them, or sang for them, or danced for them. He wanted them all to himself, dammit.

It was ridiculous. He knew that he wasn't the only person in her life, like she wasn't the only person in his. She loved him, he was fairly sure. He liked Seaweed and Penny, and was glad that they got to enjoy pleasures in life like friendship with Tracy Turnblad. Really, he consciously decided several times a day that the little niggling feelings of jealousy were absurd and he was over them.

So far, it wasn't working.

(Now, all this isn't to say that every minute of Link's days were plagued with thoughts of sharing and his lack thereof, like a swarm of gnats attacking a banana. Not so. Dancing, eating, talking with friends, listening to music, schoolwork; he was busy and contented enough. But the recent discovery of his long-standing shallowness and a not-inconsequential desire to improve himself for Tracy both made him fairly inclined to introspection and deep thought, and he had lit on several troubling items in his thinking.)

The issue had come to a head one rehearsal day at the studio. They had just finished two grueling hours of dancing, and were letting their stomachs settle before going to lunch. This allowed for a few precious moments alone; Link was sitting on the studio floor with his back to the wall, and Tracy was seated between his legs with her back rested against his chest. It was very comfortable and peaceful and he intended to savor every minute of it.

Unfortunately, something was bothering him. In his new low-key quest for self-improvement he had started paying more attention to the world around him, and it was this awareness that let him know something was wrong. It took a moment for him to realize what he was seeing: Corny. The show host was standing absolutely still and writing in a notepad. They hadn't been dancing long or hard enough to tire out the excitable show host, and he wasn't talking very intently to somebody, so the only explanation left for his uncharacteristic lack of fidgeting was that he was depressed.

Hence the dilemma. Link liked Corny; the show host had been both employer and mentor for several years...but Link's many talents did not include cheering people up.

He looked down at Tracy, and inwardly winced.

"Tracy..." he said softly, and she shook herself like she had been dozing off. He wrestled with himself as she looked up at him, and then sighed in defeat. "Tracy, does Corny look kind of down to you?"

"What?" She was immediately concerned, struggling more upright to look over at the aforementioned host. Link wasn't at an angle where he could see her face, but he could FEEL her eyes softening in sympathy. "Oh, poor Corny. What should we do?"

God willing, she would never know how much effort it took; Link easily said, "I dunno, Trace. Maybe you could go talk to him."

She perked up immediately at being given a course of action, and climbed to her feet, turning as she did to hug her boy (he appreciated the height difference). She smiled brilliantly at him. "Don't go to lunch without me!"

"Stop fretting and get, darlin'." She went, and he took inventory of his feelings. He was proud of her. Madly in love with her. Hungry. And a little bit jealous.

But he could deal.

Watching Tracy from across the room as she worked her magic on somebody who needed it, he knew that a Tracy that he could keep to himself, one that didn't have so much love in her adorable little body that it spilled out onto anybody in range...wouldn't be the girl he was so smitten with. And keeping his Tracy all to himself would be as wrong as trying to trap sunshine in a box.

He settled back and watched her hug the formerly-depressed show host and leave him with a smile on his face. Link was still learning, but he could deal.

(She reached him and he had a happy thought as he pulled her down.)

Besides, he was the only one who got to kiss her.

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_I'm still a bit uneasy of the quality of this one, so please point out anything that seems off you you, or for that matter anything that seems particularly good. _

6. All Wet

A/N finals procrastination produces another chapter. If any of you are excited to see this, I'm sorry to say it kind of sucks; it's not new or terribly insightful. But if you want shameless Link/Tracy fluff and (goodness only knows why) you want it written by me...you're in luck. XD

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The first one-month anniversary was important, apparently.

Unfortunately, he didn't know what to do. Tracy got flowers every

morning at her makeup table, so that was out. She preferred savory to sweet, so chocolates were out and giving beef jerky to one's sweetheart just isn't the done thing. The only jewelry he could really afford was bubblegum jewelry, and besides, it was probably too early for rings and necklaces.

There was something...a song, one of those three-AM revelations that you sometimes forget by morning, but it said Tracy to him and he thought she might like it with a little polishing. Specially-written songs were romantic, weren't they? (He was thinking ahead, it must be admitted; he knew he would forget some date, somewhere down the road, and he wanted the first important one to be memorable.)

Okay. Picnic in the park, give her the song, walk home holding hands (he planned the route that would allow for an estimated eleven sneaked kisses. Maybe twelve if he pulled the shoelace ploy.)--the other guys, privy to his distracted planning, thought he was ridiculous for going to such trouble instead of just taking her to a restaurant and giving her flowers, but then they weren't fortunate enough to have a Tracy and didn't know the responsibilities it entailed.

He showed up at her door at seven with the picnic basket and a smile. Tracy's parents, thank goodness, seemed to like him ("You're sweet to me, and apparently having a job means you have a 'steady character'," she whispered) and sent them off with congenial smiles.

(she waited to kiss him until they were out of sight, though.)

They slowly headed towards the park, picnic basket swinging between them. Tracy chattered happily, and Link responded with his customary cool as a cucumber composure. (Outwardly. Inwardly...well, apparently butterflies don't mind the cold.) Everything was going quite well.

...until the skies unexpectedly opened up three kisses into the trip and decided to gift the city with a downpour. They ran for cover, Tracy whooping with laughter at the rain and Link laughing at her undampened enthusiasm. They found an overhang just big enough to keep the wet off and stopped, panting. Tracy shook herself like a puppy and grinned up at him. "We could eat our picnic here."

But he was already inspecting the basket and shook his head mournfully, sending his collapsing hair whipping across his cheek. "Soaked through. Unless you want brownie soup..."

"Oh." She laughed a little. "No soup, thanks." She looked a little disenheartened, and he bit his lip.

"I guess I could give you your present now." Under her curious eye he tried to pull the folded papers out of his pocket, and they came apart in his hands. He was suddenly and intensely grateful for the disintegration of his 'do, because the wet black locks would have hidden any signs of tears. (If he was crying. Which he wasn't. At all.) "I wrote you a song," his voice cracked slightly and he cleared his throat. "Just...you know. Something. But it's..." he fingered the wet shreds lightly and shrugged, dispondant.

"You could sing it for me," she offered quietly. When he looked up, she gave him an encouraging smile. "Please?"

"Well...sure, I guess." He stood up--a bit awkwardly, but it seemed like the thing to do. "I woke up today, thinking of a sunshine girl..."

When he finished, trailing off unsteadily, he sat down. She was silent and he blurted: "I'm sorry. I probably should have got flowers or something. Amber--anyway, flowers or chocolates. It's just a stupid song." There definitely weren't tears in his eyes as he shoved his hands into his pockets. "And it rained all over our anniversary outing," he finished...sulking slightly, it must be said. (What did he ever do to the world to deserve this?)

She was still quiet, and he looked up through a fringe of hair. She looked like a (darling, adorable) drowned rat, but she was smiling at him, a bright wobbly smile that made him go all wobbly inside. "Link," she said in an alarmingly teary voice; but before he had a chance to panic properly, she flung herself into his arms. "Every girl gets flowers! I love my song. And I like the rain." She pulled back and grinned, sunshiny-bright. "And I really, really like you."

"I like" love, he thought, "you too, Trace." He suddenly smiled innocently at her. "You like the rain?" She nodded at him besottedly, and he grinned. "Great!" He hefted her bodily and ran out from under the awning into the still-increasing downpour.

"Link Larkin!" she shrieked. "I'm gonna get you for that!"

It was a happy shriek, though.

Link was quite pleased with himself.

End
file.